

The Columbus Democrat.

H. H. WORTHINGTON, Editor.

"A Strict Adherence to the Letter and Spirit of the Constitution—The only Safeguard of the South."

W. H. WORTHINGTON, Publisher.

VOLUME 19,

COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI, JANUARY 1, 1853.

NUMBER 23.

THE COLUMBIAN DEMOCRAT,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY
H. H. WORTHINGTON & SON.

Office—South side of Main Street, one door west of the
Eclipse Livery Stable, Columbus, Miss.

TERMS:
For the paper, Three Dollars per annum in advance;
Four Dollars if payment is delayed till the end of the
year. No paper discontinued except at the option of
the publisher, until arrears are paid.
Advertisements, at the regular charge, will be one
dollar a square of ten lines or less, for the first inser-
tion, and fifty cents for each subsequent one. Legal
advertisements full rates.

Orders from a distance must be accompanied with
the advance pay, or satisfactory references, to insure
attention.
Job Work of every description neatly and promptly
executed.

Yearly advertisements payable semi-annually in ad-
vance. All Job Work must be paid for when delivered.

**Christmas Address of the Carrier of the Colum-
bus Democrat.**

Another year is past and gone;
Old Father Time his course speeds on—
He comes, he goes and leaves his mark
On fields and woods and forests dark;
The City's busy hum he stills,
The country's quiet scene he fills:
Man every where doth feel his pow'r
In natal as in mortal hour.
The blooming maiden hears with dread
His quick approach and stealthy tread;
She feels his touch—gone is her bloom,
Vanish'd her charms at his stern doom;
But looks complacent in her glass,
And fondly hopes that he may pass,
And leave her still some beauty's grace.
The year just past has seal'd the fate
Of some, once great in pride of state;
Yes, Time's inexorable doom
Has laid them low in the cold tomb.
The brilliant Clay has sunk to rest
By all his country's lovers blest;
The giant Webster looms no more
Majestic as he did of yore—
Hush'd is that tongue—forever still'd
That voice which living Senators thrill'd;
He and his great compeer Clay,
Now sleep the sleep that knows no day.
Another intellect as great
Had reach'd that bourne before their date:
CALHOUN was there to greet them in,
To bliss beyond all mortal ken.
Brightly they lived, gloriously died,
Their country's honor and her pride—
Struck to the dust from whence they sprung
By heaven's honored, and by patriots sung.
But hark! across the Atlantic wave,
A voice comes booming, sad and grave;
It speaks of Albion's mighty dead
Whose requiem has just been read:
Waterloo's conqueror yields to fate,
And England mourns her hero great.
Three and thousands of less note
Old Time in one brief year has smote;
Their parting made, their knell has rung
And death, the tyrant, claims his own.
But stay, my muse, this tragic strain
Ill suits the occasion or my vein;
And, patrons kind, let me not rouse
One shade of gloom upon your brows,
On this the Saviour's natal day,
But rather with cheerful essay
In humble verse strive to instill
Bright thoughts, true purpose and kind will.
There be, I know, who ever and
Seem in dull sorrow's mourning clad;
There be, whose thoughts all darkling dwell
On life's mishaps and fate's lost knell,
But trust me, friends, that even those
May all find comfort and heart's ease;
Else false the poet's to her strains,
When thus she says, and sweetly sings—
"The gloomiest soul is not all gloom,
The saddest heart is not all sadness;
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom
There shines some flaring beam of gladness."
I'll change my theme and mend my lay
And something spiritingly strive to say—
"Softly sweet in Lydian measures"
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures—
Thus sang great Dryden on that day
Sacred to St. Cecilia's ray,
When the "found rebores sound,"
And music, mirth and joy abound.
Brightly breaks the Christian's morn,
Brilliant shine its rays upon
Millions who kneel and bless and pray
On this the Saviour's natal day.
Now the youths and maidens join
Hand and heart, and happy chime;
E'en Old Age forgets its cares
And lightly laughs, and sings, and cheers,
The laborer quits his daily toil,
The statesman hies him from the broll,
The matron smoothes her brow, content
With hospitable thoughts intent,
All nature joins with one accord
To praise and bless the Almighty Lord.
The CARRIER BOY comes with his song
And merrily chauts his theme along.
A happy Christmas to all he sings,
Joy and glad tidings still he brings.
Our country's best, our land is free,
Our flag floats proud from sea to sea.
"And where's the town, good or near
That does not find a rival here?"
And where's the boy but three feet high
That looks and talks as well as I.
This thought inspires my youthful mind
To hope that you will all be kind.
But now my tale is told—my song is o'er
And I must leave you with but one word more—
"FAREWELL!" a word that must be said
A sound that makes us linger—yet—FAREWELL!
So Byron says. I'll quote another poet.
His name I can't recall, but you may know it—
"Say adieu not from the word, Farewell!
As if 'twere friendship's final knell!"
Such fears may prove in vain:
So cheerful is life's fleeting day,
When'er we sever, hope may say:
"We part to meet again."
So hopes and sings with pride and joy
Your humble servant.

A Capital Speech.

We make the following extract from a speech recently delivered in the city of Richmond Va., by Mr. THOMAS RITCHIE, Sr., the celebrated Ex-Editor of the *Union and Enquirer*. The speech was delivered on the occasion of the Democratic Festival held in that city sometime last month.—Mr. Ritchie was justly looked upon for nearly half a century, as one of the ablest and most influential political Editors in America. This speech, which is in excellent taste shows that he can talk as well as write. The Richmond Examiner says that the old gentleman was looking exceedingly well on the occasion, and seemed very much pleased at the many tokens of respect and genuine good will which was showered upon him by the vast crowd. He was called out by the following sentiment.

By W. A. Patterson, President—Thomas Ritchie, Sr.: A Virginia political patriot, tried, true, and trusty. He has lived to witness and partake of a rich harvest home, from seed of his own sowing.

As soon as the toast was announced, Mr. Ritchie rose to address the meeting. He begged them to "hear him for his cause, and be silent that they might hear." He also reminded them that "order was Heaven's first, best law." He then proceeded: It is eight years since I addressed the Spartan Band of this city—eight years since I met the Democratic Electors of Virginia face to face—eight years since I have associated with the members of the Legislature at the festive board. It was on the 12th of December, 1844, I had the honor of presiding at the Electoral Dinner, which was called forth by the election of James K. Polk.

Little did I then dream that my destiny was so soon to transfer my fortunes to a different region. But I never would have left Virginia without carrying her principles with me. I felt like the ancient Roman, bearing his household gods along with him. I would never have consented to go to Washington, but upon the most positive assurances from Mr. Polk, that he intended to conduct his administration upon the Jeffersonian principles, to which I had been devoted for so many years. How faithful he was to his engagements—how true to these principles, let the whole course of his brilliant administration attest. Let the tariff of '46—let the effectual separation of the finances of the Government from the business of the Banks—let the noble veto which he launched forth against the system of Internal Improvements—let the strict construction of the Constitution, attest. Let the complete annexation of Texas—let the glory of our arms, and the extension of our territory to the Pacific—let the proud station which we occupied in the eyes of the most distant nations, bear witness to his ability, firmness and services.

But a dark day succeeded. The election and the administration of Gen. Taylor—the agitation of the slavery question—the compromise, which was designed to save the Union—the discussion it provoked, and the feuds it produced, came on in rapid succession. Upon all these transactions I am prepared to render you an account of my humble stewardship. But a better spirit has now arisen to acquiesce in what has been done, and to insist upon the condition of its finality. Touch not Saguntum. Carry out especially, in all good faith, the Fugitive Slave law. Should fanaticism ever be permitted to carry that stronghold, then comes the darkest day we have ever seen. This blessed Union, for which we have all watched and worked, must be buried under the ruins of the Constitution.

But a brighter star has now risen above the horizon. After eight years of separation, my friends, we have met again under the happiest auspices. The work which the Electors of Virginia have this day assembled to perform in the Capitol, announces this glorious result. We meet in the midst of the most brilliant triumphs we have ever achieved. Never were the brows of the Democracy bound with more victorious wreaths. Never was any President elected by so overwhelming a popular and electoral majority as Franklin Pierce. Its amount surprises the victor almost as much as the vanquished. Never did this good Old Dominion pour forth so powerful a chivalry. She has run up her majority to a fraction less than 15,000. Her political conduct, indeed, has covered her over with glory.—She has never given a Federal vote for President. She has uniformly shown herself superior to all low, to all local, to all selfish ambition. In pointing to her jewels, she points in a spirit higher than the Mother of the Gracchi, to her principles more than to her sons. She has never sacrificed those principles to their aspirations. Gen. Harrison sought her suffrages in vain. Mr. Clay appeared before her in all his greatness in vain.—The friends of Gen. Taylor urged his nativity in vain. And when the victor of a hundred battles appeared in the field, Virginia firmly and respectfully put by all his claims, and gave her heart and her vote to a citizen of the granite hills of New Hampshire.

It is, indeed, a glorious victory which you are now celebrating. There is every thing about it to enhance its value and its lustre. Mark some of its fruits!

It cuts off that military dynasty which has proved so fatal to so many republics. It rebukes in a manner never to be forgotten, the tricks and the humbug of a determined opposition. Never was a more objectionable system of electioneering adopted in a free country. From the coon-skins and the hard cider—through all the mysteries of the "yellow-kiver," down to the double-faced Democrats—the ambiguous voices which have been scattered over the land—which would have represented your candidate to the south as an Abolitionist, and reviled him as a slaveholder to the north, the system has gone on from election to election; but we trust in heaven it will now be abandoned. Franklin Pierce has died and withstood all the misrepresentations that have been poured out upon him, and we hope that the moral lesson will not be lost upon his opponents.

Yet this result is the smallest portion of what has been done. The result of this election aims a deadly blow at the heresies and the friends of Northern Abolitionism. They will be taught a lesson which is calculated to abate if not to extinguish, the fury of the fanatic. Franklin Pierce is the man who will discountenance the

slavery agitation in every form, as his veto is as certain as the thunder of June upon any law which repeals or weakens the Fugitive Slave Law.

But these are not all the fruits of the victory. It elects the man whom your own Democratic delegation nominated at Baltimore. They sought in the bosom of the people for a man like James K. Polk, who had not been presented by any previous political organization—who was not bound by partialities, preferences or pledges—but who was called from the retirement which he had sought by the purity of his own principles, and the harmony of his public life.

Yet this is not all. You have elected him upon a platform which embraces all your own cherished and precious principles. It repudiates all National Banks, and adopts the Independent Treasury system. It repudiates all National Tariffs.—It disclaims all sweeping systems of Internal Improvement. It solemnly recognizes all the rights of the South and all the guarantees of the Constitution. It adopts the strict construction theory of the immortal instrument, and for the first time engraves the Resolutions and Report of Virginia upon the Republican platform. And is not this a cause in which you should rejoice? And is not this the man whose advent to power shall be celebrated by triumphs?

And yet these are not all the advantages you have gained. The principle which Jefferson and Madison maintained—the great principles which constitute the Shibboleth of our faith—the strict constructive principle, is now sanctioned as the great basis of our party in the administration of the government. I left you a States' Rights Republican eight years ago. I have witnessed the powerful machinery of the Government during those eight years; and whilst I venerate the blessed Union which binds us together—whilst every true patriot would shed his blood in the defence of its true principles—yet I return among you to bear witness to the truth of the doctrine by which it can only be maintained. I am on this day as firm a believer in the Republican party as I was fifty years ago—I have witnessed the operations of the General Government. I have beheld its extensive powers. Those powers, even within the bounds of the Constitution, will expand with the extent of our territory and the diversity of our wants and population, and I do not hesitate to aver that the powers of Uncle Sam should be limited to the charter—enlarged only with the consent of the parties to the compact.—No doubtful powers should be permitted. I may say this, gentlemen, I hope, without any vanity or presumption. I am content to pass the rest of my days in private retirement and in literary leisure; but I may say to you, with all the frankness which becomes a Republican, that every day of my life satisfies me more and more of the truth of the principles which I avowed among you.—Were I upon my death-bed, I would tell you that the strict construction States' Rights doctrine of Virginia are the only principles on which the Federal Government can be safely conducted. The rights of the States are the corner-stone of the Union of the States.

You have a right then to rejoice at the election of a man who appears to have adopted all your Jeffersonian principles, in all their purity and in all their beauty. I am no prophet, but I can scarcely be mistaken when I predict that the mission of Franklin Pierce will be to crush the slavery agitation; to bring back the Ship of State to the Republican tack, and to arrest abuses and resist the encroachments of the Federal Government. His past life, his votes and speeches, the whole course of his political measures, the whole prestige of his character, are the best guarantees we can possess for the exhibition of these splendid achievements.

The election of his distinguished associate, W. R. King, is hailed by the whole Democratic press with the loudest acclamations. The Republic does not boast of a better or a purer man. Clear in his views, decided in his measures, his firmness is equal to his discretion, and his sound abilities have been improved by his large and liberal experience. He graces the chair of the Senate, and would nobly discharge the duties of the first office in the Executive. But why should I attempt to "gild refined gold, or add perfume to the violet?"

Narrow Minded Men.

Merchants who do not advertise are close and narrow-minded in their views, and a perfect type of the greedy impatience of the fellow who, in order to realize a fortune by a single operation, killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. The same morbid contractedness of interest in advertising, is akin to that of the farmer who stinted his land to half the quantity of seed necessary to produce a full crop, under the expectation of saving at seed time, and at the same time of gathering in an abundant harvest. As a general rule, those who are wanting in the liberality necessary to make their business extensively known, will not hesitate to skin every customer who comes within their reach. Ladies are sagacious. They know who advertise, and who do not, and they never expect a bargain in a non-advertising establishment. So, too, with men. They say the man who does not advertise his goods, has nothing worth advertising, or if he has and does not, he is a skindint, and it is better to keep out of his clutches.

Fidelity.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather round—when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—it is time to try true friendship. The heart that has been touched with the true gold will redouble its efforts when the friend is laid in trouble. Adversity tries true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress, betray their hypocrisy and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you—who has studied your interest and happiness—be sure to sustain him in adversity.—Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated—that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare but it exists in the heart.—Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power, who have never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy. The good and the kind—the affectionate and the virtuous, see and feel the heavenly principle. They would sacrifice wealth and honor to promote the happiness of others, and in return they receive the reward of their love by sympathizing hearts and courteous favors, when they have been brought low by disease or adversity.

Fixed Facts in Agriculture.

1. All lands on which clover or the grasses are grown, must either have lime in them naturally, or that material must be artificially supplied. It matters but little whether it be supplied in the form of stone lime, or marl.

2. All permanent improvement in lands must look to lime as its basis.

3. Lands which have been long in culture, will be benefited by applications of phosphate of lime, and it is unimportant whether the deficiency be supplied in the form of bone dust, guano, native phosphate of lime, composts of fish, ashes or in that of oyster shell lime, or marl—if the land needs liming also.

4. No lands can be preserved in a high state of fertility, unless clover and the grasses are cultivated in the course of rotation.

5. Mould is indispensable to every soil and a healthy supply can only be preserved thro' the cultivation of clover and the grasses, the turning in of green crops or by the application of compost rich in the elements of mould.

6. Concentrated animal manures, are increased in value and their benefits prolonged, by admixture with plaster, salt, or pulverized charcoal.

7. Deep ploughing greatly improves the productive powers of every variety of soil that is not wet.

8. Subsoiling sound land, that is, land that is not wet, is commonly conducive to increased production.

9. All wet land should be drained.

10. All grain crops should be harvested before the grain is thoroughly ripe.

11. Clover, as well as the grasses, intended for hay, should be mowed when in bloom.

12. Sandy lands can be most effectually improved by clay. When such lands require liming or marling, the lime or marl is most beneficially applied, when made into compost with clay. When such lands require liming or marling, the lime or marl is most beneficially applied, when made into compost with clay. In slacking lime, salt brine is better than water.

13. The chopping or grinding of grain, to be fed to stock, operates as a saving of at least twenty-five per cent.

14. Draining of wet lands and marshes adds to their value, by making them produce more and better crops—by producing them earlier, improving the health of neighborhoods.

15. To manure, or lime wet lands, is to throw manure, lime and labor away.

16. Shallow plowing operates to impoverish the soil, while it decreases production.

17. By stabling and sheeding stock through the winter, a saving of one fourth of the food may be effected—that is, one-fourth less food will answer than when such stock may be exposed to the inclemencies of the weather.

18. A bushel of plaster, per acre, sown broadcast over clover, will add one hundred per cent to its produce.

19. Periodical applications of ashes tend to keep up the integrity of the soil by supplying most if not all of the organic substance.

20. Thorough preparation of land is absolutely necessary to the successful and luxuriant growth of crops.

21. Abundant crops cannot be grown for a succession of years, unless care be taken to provide and apply an equivalent for the substances carried from land in the products grown thereon.

22. To preserve meadows in their productive-ness, it is necessary to harrow them every autumn, applying top dressing, and roll them up.

23. All stiff clays are benefited by fall and winter plowing; but they should never be plowed while they are wet. If, at such plowings, the furrow be materially deepened, lime, marl, or ashes should be applied.

24. Young stock should be moderately fed with grain, in winter, and receive generous supplies of long provender, it being essential to keep them in fair condition, in order that the formation of muscles, bones, &c., may be encouraged and continuously carried on.

25. Milch cows, in winter, should be kept in dry, moderately warm, but well ventilated quarters, regularly fed and watered three times a day, salted twice or thrice a week, have clean beds, be curried daily, and in addition to the long provender, should receive succulent food morning and evening.

26. Full complements of tool implements of husbandry are intimately connected with the success of the husbandman.

27. Capital is not only necessary to agricultural success, but can be as profitably used in farming as in any occupation.

28. Punctuality in engagements, is as necessary to an agriculturist as it is to a merchant.

29. Every husbandman should carefully read and digest matters connected with his business; his success being as dependent upon a full knowledge of its principles and details, as that of a lawyer, or physician, with a knowledge of the science of law or physic.

30. Wheat, rye, oats and barley should never follow each other in a course of rotation; there should always be intervening hoe crop between them.

31. Weeds should never be permitted to mature their seeds on a farm, but be pulled up, or cut down as often as they show themselves, such being the only effectual method of eradicating them. To insure this result, the ground should be planted in corn, and that kept clean.

32. Time and labor devoted to the collection of materials to be converted into manure, are the most fruitful sources of profit in the whole range of farm economy.

33. The orchard to be productive of good fruit, requires to be fed, as much as does a field of grain. The soil of each requires that the substances abstracted by the crops shall be restored. The soil should be kept clean and open to the meliorating influences of the sun, the rain and the air—the bark of the tree should be kept in a healthy condition, by scraping when necessary, and by alkaline washes.

FRANK PIERCE'S COAT-OF-ARMS.—The Boston Chronicle states that the committee having in charge the building of a carriage for Gen. Pierce wrote to him to ascertain what was his family coat-of-arms, probably with a view of painting it on the panels of the coach. The General replied that the only coat-of-arms which he knew his family possessed, was that of his father's shirt sleeves, in which he fought at the battle of Bunker Hill.

Sound Views.

During the canvass we most zealously urged the election of Franklin Pierce as in every way calculated to secure a strict-construction, State-Rights Republican Administration. His antecedents all pointed that way, and showed him to be as nearly approximating the Jeffersonian School as any statesman of the day. We are glad to hear these views confirmed by Wilson Lumpkin, Esq., the President of the Electoral College of Georgia, who delivered a fine address after the vote of the College was cast, from which we make the following admirable extract:

Fellow Citizens: We are favored with participating in the events of the most interesting period of human history. It is in vain that we search the pages of the past, to find anything which so exalts and ennobles human nature.—Knowledge and wisdom has increased and extended throughout all known parts of the habitable globe.

And when we contemplate this brilliant age of progress, how profoundly grateful should the American citizen be, in beholding his own glorious confederacy of Independent Sovereign States, standing at the head of the list of Nations, in advancement, virtue, intelligence, power and prosperity.

Great, indeed, are our natural and geographical advantages as a people.

But the chief basis and corner stone, of our superior progress as a people, is to be found in our admirable political institutions, both State and Federal. We have the best system of Government on earth, when faithfully administered, according to the letter and spirit of our written constitution.

And here allow me to say, that four years association and service, in the Senate of the United States, with Gen. Pierce, the President elect, I have unshaken confidence, that we are approaching the dawn of a faithful, Constitutional Administration of the Federal Government. My opinions are based on the antecedents of his public life. I look to the new President with great confidence—"To regard sacredly, the reserved rights of the States—for a strict construction of the Federal Constitution—a denial to Congress of all powers, not already granted by that instrument—and a rigid economy of the public expenditures." He has been elected to the Chief Magistracy in the country,—by an almost unprecedented majority of the popular vote.

It is no sectional triumph, to the East—the West—the North or the South. All have equal claims upon the fidelity and kind consideration of our new President. No faction, clique, or combination of selfish politicians, have any superior claims upon his favor. He is the President of the whole people—especially of the unofficial sovereign people, of all sections and parties. And I trust and believe, that under his administration, the guarantees of the Federal Constitution, will be so firmly enforced, as to secure to each State in the Union, its Equal and reserved Rights.

Such a course will cherish in the heart of every true patriot, the love and perpetuity of our glorious institutions—now and forever.

With these views, your Electors most cordially participate in that joy, which this day pervades the breasts of an overwhelming majority of the United States, at the election of Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire to the Chief Magistracy of the country, and Wm. R. King of Alabama to the Vice Presidency.

A SCENE IN CALIFORNIA.—A San Francisco correspondent of the Boston Transcript thus describes a phase of California life: Passing through the "Arcade" a few nights since, I saw a crowd of persons around one of the principal tables, apparently gazing upon some interesting object, as their silence betokened. Upon approaching I found an "A. B. C." table, (one of the cut-throat games of the day,) covered with coin, before which was seated a child of rare and exquisite beauty. It was not the contrast to the bearded man around her (for she was a girl) that made her beautiful. The face was like those seen in the great Italian paintings, and a glance at the features brought up recollections of pictures of the Holy Family, so full of innocence and childlike loveliness was it. She was the banker, and her beautiful features, almost buried in golden curls, were used as lures to attract patronage to the table. Beside her sat an old wrinkled woman, whose visage peered over the plump shoulders of the child, in horrible contrast to the angelic face beside it. She was the instructress, while as she grinned her approbation at the dexterity of her pupil, one was forcibly reminded of the weird sisters on the blasted heath. The child, when at a loss, would turn inquiringly towards the old harridan for information. Her great brilliant eyes ran rapidly around the circle of desperate, hardened faces who seemed entirely indifferent to their beauty, and only intent on the game. Directly above was stationed on orchestra, who at the time were crashing through the overture to *Massaniello*. The excitement of the scene, the grand character of the music—the performance was equal to many I have listened to in many places of higher and more classic pretension—the feeling of curiosity that filled me when I reflected what would be the result of this whole scene as it then was before me, could it be taken up, house, inmates and all, and placed in the midst of sober, staid Old Boston; all these induced reflections at once novel and exciting. Dreadful tuition!—Schooling in such a scene of vice, and nurtured amid the worst passions of human nature, must this child be answerable for the sins of the life before her!

Pericles, in a public harangue at Athens, inciting the men to patriotism, said that, as for the women, it should be their chief glory to have as little as possible said about them. Napoleon told Madame de Stael that the chief business and interest of women was to rear children. What do you think of these? Say I think they would re- tort on such misuses of opinion with a stone? Grievances must be very great, certainly, when they "make the very stones rise in mutiny." And yet, after all—to come our punning—Pericles and Napoleon are not such inalienable authorities in a great many respects, and the convention, in attempting to improve the minds and rouse the aspirations of women, is working to a good end. [Exchange paper.]

Return of Lady Franklin's Scurvy Discovery Vessel, Isabel.

This little vessel, which left the shores of England in July last, has made an extraordinary voyage into the Arctic regions, and by the aid of a small auxiliary steam engine, has been enabled to penetrate beyond the furthest point of Baffin and Bylot, having passed through Smith Sound (or Strait, as it now proves to be thirty-six miles wide) into a great open sea, the land on either side of the strait tending to the eastward and to the north-westward, with nothing before them but a boundless sea as far as the eye could range. Such is the main feature of the news brought by Capt. Ingfield, R. N., one of the most important discoveries yet made in those regions.

The Isabel, in going up the east coast of Baffin's bay, looked into Whale Sound, and ran some twenty-five miles up, and there found nothing but an open sea upon the east. She visited the reported scene of the massacre of the crews of the Erebus and Terror, and found some harmless natives, who had never before seen Europeans. At one or two other spots she also found natives not hitherto visited—all inoffensive, good-humored people, robust in health. Quitting Smith Sound after gazing at this wonderful sight of an open sea, and seeing no indication on any of the headlands of Franklin having gone through, Capt. Ingfield returned down to the West side of Baffin's Bay, looking into Sone's Sound, and thence through Barrow Straits, and communicated with Capt. Pallen, at Beech Island, on the 7th September at which time Wellington Channel was clear as far as the eye could reach.

Strong gales, and the young ice rapidly forming, rendered any further investigation of the west coast (to the southward at least of the Hecla and Griper shoals) wholly out of the question. Thus, in four months, has this little vessel done more than the most sanguine in Arctic matters could possibly have anticipated, and heartily will the country rejoice at the success which has attended Capt. Ingfield and his gallant and adventurous band of officers and seamen—amongst whom are numbered, Abernethy, Dr. Sutherland Manson &c., all of whom were out on the voyage—the two latter with the gallant Captain Penny, when he made his discoveries up the Wellington Channel. Nothing but a steamer could do anything up there, and what a steamer has by this time done, Sir Edward Belcher and Commander Sherrard Osborn, of the Pioneer, will hereafter tell us.

Facts for the next Edition of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

A correspondent of the Martinsburg (Va.) Gazette furnishes the following facts for the next edition of Uncle Tom's Cabin:

There died lately, in a lower county of Virginia, a mulatto man who had been manumitted by his master, and was under our law one of those persons who was permitted to remain in Virginia. His master had, with his liberty, left him a respectable property, and this man by industry, accumulated an estate of \$25,000. He had purchased his wife, who was a slave, and his children were therefore his own property as well as his wife.

Falling into bad health, he went to Philadelphia sometime during this last summer for medical advice; but learning from the best physicians that his health was worse than he thought, and that he could not live, he wrote to a relative of his old master to come on for him, which this gentleman did, and stayed with him and brought him back to Virginia at his request. He died shortly after his return, not long since; and by his last will left all his estate to this gentleman, as well as his wife and children, who are thus the slaves of his friend—trusting, of course, that he would provide for them.

Here was an intelligent, wealthy man, who knew the condition of colored people in the Northern States, thus preferred to leave his wife and children, and all his property, to a white man, to sending them out of the State, to live as free persons with a fine estate.

These are notorious and recorded facts, and can be proved if denied; and there are many such occurrences among our colored people which might be made public to put to shame the exaggerated fictions of Mrs. Stowe and her adherents, if there was any possibility for substituting in the Northern mind fact for fiction, reason for imagination, and charity in the place of sectional prejudice.

DEPRESSING OCCURRENCE.—On Thursday last we learn that Mr. McBride, overseer upon the plantation of Dr. White, in this county, 12 miles from Aberdeen, while out some distance from his dwelling, discovered it to be on fire. He arrived in haste at the house but too late for an effort to extinguish the flames. It was nearly consumed, and through the half-open door, he discovered the motionless body of his own wife, prostrate upon the floor, and surrounded by the devouring element! As yet, the flames had not reached her, but all attempts to rescue her body were fruitless and unavailing. From all the circumstances, there is little room to doubt that the death of Mrs. M. was the act of some dark hearted villain, who, to possess himself of the pittance of gold known to be in her possession, was tempted thus to stain his hands in the unfortunate lady's blood, and by another crime to remove all chances of detection and punishment. But, murder will out, and we hope the community will not spare its exertions to bring to condign retribution the foul and blood-stained villain.—*Monitor (Miss.) Democrat.*

LETTER FROM GEN. PIERCE.—The President elect has written a brief letter to the Democratic Executive Committee of Philadelphia, who had tendered him a reception on his arrival in that city en route to Washington, in which he says:

I am grateful for the kindness manifested by my fellow-citizens in Pennsylvania and elsewhere; but so far as my personal wishes and inclinations are concerned, it would gratify me exceedingly to go to Washington in the most quiet way possible. Indeed, I have no time to devote to matters not immediately connected with duties and responsibilities before me.

Having said thus much, I must leave what is fitting, proper and desirable, to the taste and judgment of my friends. There is no probability that I shall be in Philadelphia before the first of February, and it is quite possible my journey may be delayed till near the close of that month.

The Abolitionists, says an exchange, having given the Lemmon a Faine-fall answer, our citizens are determined to treat the country with a little Lemmon-aid.